THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIGMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1612.

Original Poetry.

THE LAMENT.

DESCRIBED TO J—— R——, OF GEORGIA CO., S. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS E. S. SMITH.

[Adelaide M——, the subject of the following poem, was one of those rare and lovely beings whose existence is a perpetual hymn of divinest harmony. Blessed with every mental advantage, and in the enjoyment of almost every earthly blessing, she was not unthankful of the Giver of all good, and her young life was consecrated to His service! At the age of thirteen years she was unexpectedly called to rejoin her sainted mother, who had been for two years a dweller in the upper land, and to whom, says a God, Adelaide was indebted for her beautiful truthfulness and sensibility of character, which greatly endeared her to all who knew her. She was the first born of the union of the Angel Messenger, and calmly exclaimed—"I am dying, but I am not afraid." Those were her last words, and soon a smile of heavenly confidence lingered upon her fair young brow, her spirit had ascended to the bosom of her Creator.]

A bird's sweet song within my ear is ringing,
And o'erhead cedar heaven's glorious arch of blue
The sunset skies soft golden gleams are flinging
Over the green grass boughs with silvery dew,—
Once more the earth is robed in hues of Eden,
Fresh wooded scents are borne upon the gale;
But to mine ear the bravest sweet voice of nature
And on to bosom finds the voice of wail!

And! my youngest, dearest one has passing!
The evening of my widowed heart, who grew
Like a sweet flower, so dearly loved and cherished,
Whose every grace bedad out on they stem
Just fell blessed! Within my lonely dwelling,
An angel has been vanished from my sight—
No more when wearied hands with labour are resting,
Will she come to me with her winning smile!

The fragrant scent of the fruit apple blossoms,
Borne on the South sea's soft and odorous breath,
And the sweet notes of the birds in their coming
Sprinkled along the dewy vale and heath,
And the many beauties and many joys around me,
Since she who loved them well and fragrant blossom,
No more will be gazed upon by mortal eyes—
In fragile blossoms wither on her tomb!

She walked upon this earth a form of brightness—
Cherished by many, and by others unseen,
Her truthful heart as we swayed from its springhaven
To worldliness, and its many temptations!
Pure as a dew drop in life's early morning,
Her spirit was when it left its fleshly tenement;
Her spirit clothed in its serene adorning,
Passed out from earth to meet her redeemer there!

Along the banks of life's broad river flowing,
Walks a new angel, robed in spotless white!
The descended's mansion is a glorious one above
And on looming spray-wreaths silvery light,
Amid those blest homes no earthly sorrow
Will ever dim the sunshine of celestial rule.
She wants to welcome on a distant morrow,
Our happy homecoming of her heavenly bride.

Louisville, Ky.

Original Novelet.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIR," "AGNES; OR, THE PENITENT," "THE TWO RIVALS," "INTEMPERANCE TALES," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

"Come the girl! She will rain every thing!" brilliant Mrs. Ashley, as she entered along room with rapid strides, soon after the unexpected encounter with Mary. "I wish she were dead!"

"A free offer. Pray, made you of it by following your advice?" said he, on meeting the friend at whose suggestion he had written the letter of warning to Mr. Barker.

"What! Not yet now?" was inquired.

"Didn't it work well?"

"No."

"What kind of a letter did you write?"

"Here is a copy of it. See for yourself." The friend glanced over the letter, and then said,

"No wonder. It bears on its very face the stamp of its authorship."

"How so?"

"Were you beside yourself when you spoke of her receiving money from a former lover, who was about uniting himself with the daughter of a disappointed villain? Could you not see, that if the letter came under her eye, she would at once suspect you?"

"I must have been beside myself!" exclaimed Emerson, striking his hands together. "O that instantaneous folly! What in the last I should have made. But what do you think has been the result?"

"Well."

"In calling to see Caroline this morning, I met Mary on the door-step. She had called, it appears, according to agreement, to enter upon her duties as governess. I did not know her, of course, but paused, the following moment, into minute afterwards, as I sat talking with Caroline, Mary suddenly came into the room followed by Mr. Barker. She had my open letter in her hand. Holding it up before me in the deepest indignation, she said,

"What also could you have expected? But go on."

"I called her a mad girl, and vowed that, until then, I had never seen her."

"Were you believed?"

"Heaven knows!"

"Did she appear the charge?"

"No. She crumpled the letter in her hand, and then rushed from the house."

"Astonishing performance with the letter!"

"Yes."

The friend shook his head, saying as he did so—

"You have every thing to fear."

"I know it well."

"Hadn't you better see her and try to compromise this matter in some way?"

"No. That would be worse than useless. She is a girl with an iron spirit that nothing can bend or break."

"You must silence her in some way, or else give up your claim to the hand of Caroline Barker. That letter, if shown to her father, will work against you as it is. If Mary Lyon is true to you, will completely destroy you in his estimation. He is a stern old fellow, and would not be likely to forgive a child that would be fatal to your expectations."

"I know. But the first step has been so disastrous, that I am in no way disposed to take the second. Mary is the most independent girl I ever saw. With Caroline Barker I can be almost any thing I please. But Mary Lyon is made of other stuff altogether. I wish I had never known her."

"You are certainly unfortunate in the acquaintances," said the friend.

"Most unfortunate. Confound those pictures! I'm afraid they'll prove a dear bargain in the end."

"The pictures you sold Harding?"

"Yes. I thought five hundred dollars for what cost twenty and a little business subterfuge, a very fair transaction. But, from present appearances, it will be fair to turn out most disastrously."

"It would hardly do, in the present aspect of your affairs, to raise an alliance which promises so much as this one."

"No, my friend!" replied Emerson, and a cloud fell heavily over his face as he spoke. "Something more than a modest boldness, I see, I feet, the consequence."

"A modest boldness?"

"There is danger of this, as you know. That copper value bubble in which I was not enough to risk so much, has, in reacting, swept from me such large sums of money, that I find myself terribly crippled. It was only by the utmost the Merchant's Bank turned down some of my paper; a thing never done before. I was unprepared for this, and it hurt me, I can assure you, with my hands full to meet payments for the day."

"That wasn't very pleasant."

"You may well say that. Particularly as I had to go on to Boston and borrow fifteen hundred dollars at one and-a-half per cent. a month."

"Indeed! Were you so hard pressed as that?"

"I was, and no mistake; and I shall be hard pressed until I become the son-in-law of Mr. Barker. Then my credit will stand fair enough."

"I wish the wedding day were to-morrow," remarked the friend, after was to Emerson's paper in a very large amount.

"You can't wish that more ardently than I do. But wishing is of no avail. I must wait, in fear and trembling, the end of this business. Three months is a long period where so much is at stake."

Enough touching the character and principles of Philip Emerson has been made apparent to the mind of the reader, to satisfy him that Mary Lyon was right in declining his offer of marriage. He was, in heart, a man so given over to selfishness, that it was impossible for him to form an alliance with a right minded woman, without incurring her unhappiness. All that Mary had heard touching his want of integrity, and a great deal more, was true. And it was also true, that he had, in a most heartless spirit, violated the dying injunction of his mother in the matter of his helpless old uncle, who had been left to spend her last days in the almshouse.

Mr. Barker was a man of the strictest probity, and the nicest sense of honor. When Emerson made advances towards his daughter, he knew that he did not stand fair in the eyes of two business transactions which had taken place between him and the young man, he saw a spirit that he did not like. He entertained a high opinion of his own judgment in the matter of his helpless old uncle, who had been left to spend her last days in the almshouse.

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Emerson perceived the sincerity of his rebuke, but Mr. Barker was not aware that the rejection he had formed, that the young man's heart was not designed another basin than a regard for personal enablement. A letter was penned before Mr. Barker gave a final consent to the marriage. He delayed much after such, in the hope that some circumstance, fully developing what he believed to be the real character of the young man, would transpire. But, he waited in vain, and, at last, with a reluctance that he did not take much pains to conceal, yielded the long withheld approbation.

By this time, as has been intimated, the affairs of Emerson were considerably embarrassed, owing to his having been drawn aside, in his lust of gain, into stock speculations, during by which he lost the greater part of all he had made. He was, therefore, the more eager to consummate the alliance with Mr. Barker's family, as that would reinstate his credit, not universally questioned.

All was going on as pleasantly as he could wish, when he was alarmed by the unexpected appearance of Mr. Barker was and called in the letter of warning to Mr. Barker.

"What can be done now?" was inquired.

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"No."

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"The pictures you sold Harding?"

"Yes. I thought five hundred dollars for what cost twenty and a little business subterfuge, a very fair transaction. But, from present appearances, it will be fair to turn out most disastrously."

"By character."

"We have just seen her and had a long conversation with her on the subject, and she says that a more cruel and malicious slander was never uttered, than that by which some enemy in disguise has sought to injure her name. Of Mary, she speaks with a tenderness of feeling that is really touching to hear. A better, more talented, purer-minded girl, she affirms that she has never known."

"Who could have written that letter?" asked Mrs. Barker. "Does Mary suspect the author?"

"She does."

"Has she named the person?"

"She declines doing this."

"Why so?"

"She might be mistaken, and will not therefore utter her suspicions, lest an innocent person be injured."

"Generous to the last degree!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, after reflecting for some moments, "that Mary Lyon is a lady of excellence in every way, and that I can introduce her into my family and among my children, with perfect safety?"

"We do," was unhesitatingly replied.

One of the ladies added,

"Were I in want of a governess, most gladly would I take her, and think myself highly favored in obtaining a person so worthy of all confidence, respect, and esteem."

"I can speak warmly," said Mrs. Barker, smiling.

"We do," we answered, "because we are in correct in the matter. Deprived upon it, you will never have cause to regret the entrance of Mary Lyon into your family."

"I must take a little time for reflection," said Mrs. Barker. "This pain quite a new face on the matter. As for Miss Lyon, I must own that I was very much prepossessed in her favor. A number of applicants for the situation have since presented themselves; but none pleased me, if all is right with Mary, no one could suit me so well."

"All is right with her; of that you may rest fully assured," answered the ladies.

"I will take until to-morrow to think over the matter," returned Mrs. Barker, "and if I come to a favorable conclusion, will send for her."

When Mrs. Barker mentioned what she had heard in her husband, he refused for a short time, and then said—

"Let her take her. There is a mystery in this affair that I would like to see cleared up. I can't get over the fact of her charging the author of the letter upon Emerson."

"Why should he write it?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"Just the question, of all others, that I would like to have answered. He says before Heaven that he did not write the letter. I do not know her, and has a personal interest in keeping her out of our family, he has had, to say the least of it; and that is enough for me. The man who can call Heaven to witness that he speaks truth, when he knowingly does not, must have a very depraved heart. But, were not this, this was his, in effect some personal end, can stab the reputation of an innocent, confiding girl, is a wretch of the basest kind. Yes, yes, by all means let Mary Lyon be ours. I am fully satisfied with the endorsement of the ladies who have interested themselves in her behalf. She may come to our house a protected, not a dependent, and will be treated accordingly."

Without further delay, a servant was sent to Mary Lyon with a note, asking her to call immediately. Mary's surprise and joy, when she was pale, and looked as if from a recent bed of sickness, which the quiet silence had not been long. This occasioned by the unexpected reception she had met at Mr. Barker's, for a time completely prostrated her.

"Have you been ill?" asked Mrs. Barker, kindly, on receiving Mary.

Tears came into the young girl's eyes. She tried to make an audible reply, but her grief quivered so that she could give no utterance to words.

"I believe I acted hastily, Mary, in the matter of that letter. I am now convinced that it was a base and cruel slander."

"Oh, ma'am!" exclaimed Mary, "it was a base and cruel slander."

Mary's eyes sunk to the floor, and she remained silent.

"I am charged, by implication," said Mrs. Barker looked steadily at the countenance of Mary, "with having made Philip Emerson, with the authorship. Why was this?"

"I was justified in saying what I truly knew what I was doing, ma'am," returned Mary.

"It was a serious matter to charge an act like that upon a young man who seemingly never had he does not know you."

"It was, indeed, ma'am, now filling her eyes to the face of Mrs. Barker, and speaking more calmly. "But, as I said, just now, I sincerely believe what I was doing. I was under a great and bewildering excitement. Try and for that painful scene, as I wish myself to forget it."

But Mrs. Barker was by no means satisfied with this, and sought to press the question further. Mary, however, was altogether disinclined to enter into conversation on the subject, seeing that, deemed it best right to forbear.

"I have sent for you," she then said, "not only to express my entire conviction that you have been wronged, but to show my sincerity in the matter, by again offering you the position of governess in my family. Are you still prepared to accept the place?"

"I did not expect this," returned Mary, exhibiting some emotion.

"You can have applied where I like so well," said Mrs. Barker.

"I don't know," said Mary, with considerable hesitation in her manner, "whether I could try to benefit—that I could to—"

"You can," said Mrs. Barker, kindly interrupting the confused girl.

"Then I will accept your offer," said Mary, with some decision.

"Be it so," replied Mrs. Barker.

Upon reflection, I am satisfied that I ought not to refuse your offer, which will enable me to support myself, and thus keep my sister Agnes at school. In accepting it, I will take a liberty which you may think altogether out of place. But I cannot help it, and therefore mention it. I would like one hundred dollars advanced on my salary."

"You need the money very much?"

"For a special purpose I do. Oh, ma'am, you do not know what a weight the possession of that sum would awake me to remove from my mind! Nothing but the intolerable pain occasioned by the pressure, and the pending desire I have for its removal, could tempt me to prefer so unjustly a request. In what way the weight I speak of rested upon me, I do not feel competent to explain. Suffice it when I have just agreed to enter upon."

There was that in the manner of the young girl which Mrs. Barker could not resist, and she promised, unhesitatingly, to furnish the sum then required.

On the next day, Mary Lyon became an inmate of Mr. Barker's family. The children placed under her care, seemed to love her from the first moment, and to come under her gentle influence as by the power of an irresistible attraction. There was about her a sphere of goodness that all felt. No one was more drawn towards her than Mr. Barker, who, from recently concerting circumstance, was led to observe her closely, and thus to perceive the loveliness of her real character.

"Yes, it was a base attempt to injure an innocent girl," said he to Mrs. Barker, a week after Mary had entered the family; "and I sincerely hope that the strong manifested may fall upon the head of the injurer. What could have been the motive for such an act?"

"It is not improbable," replied Mrs. Barker, "that some one who desired the situation, and who ascertained that Mary had procured it, took this method of removing her out of her way. This last accord to me as the most probable explanation of the circumstance."

"I never thought of that," remarked Mr. Barker, and his tone of expression gave the belief of mind occasioned by the suggestion. "Yes—that may be the true explanation. Still, I cannot cease to think of the fact that she accused Emerson. Why should she have done this?"

"She says that she was so bewildered that she did not know what she was doing. And I can readily believe that such might be the case. So unexpected and serious a charge, would naturally shock and bewilder the mind."

"Very true. Well, I hope it is all so—that Emerson is in no way connected in the base affair."

"I do not think he is. Indeed, the more I reflect on the subject, the more fully convinced am I that he is not," said Mrs. Barker. "I am satisfied that a very prejudice against the young man are too strong."

"Perhaps they are. Still, I cannot help them. But your suggestion as to the author of that letter, greatly relieves my mind. It is certainly the most reasonable one.

CHAPTER X.

Some ten days had passed since the exciting scene with Mary Lyon in the house of Mr. Barker, and Philip Emerson was beginning to breathe a little more freely, when he was startled from his dream of safety by the following note:

"SIR—Enclosed you have one hundred dollars, the sum transmitted by you to my mother. I am enabled to return it through means of an advance on my salary as governess in the family of Mr. Barker. I trust that you will not attempt to repeat an act which, for one in your position, has no justification.

MARY LYNN."

This was the young man's first intimation that Mary had returned to Mr. Barker's family. Nothing could have more astonished and alarmed him. That evening he had intended to pass with Caroline; but he was too much disturbed by contents into her presence. The hours were spent alone. How many distressing thoughts intruded themselves! How his heart trembled some fiend to drive the strong upon it a second time. The person who draws the money is, of course, free from all suspicion, and Baldwin protects himself by a system of double charges and credits, which may not be found out for years. The settling up of the executor's affairs, he looks being a part of his work, no one sees the double charges between some of the entries therein and his ledger accounts. The balances being the same, no suspicion is awakened. Among Baldwin's book accounts, this system may be pursued to a considerable extent and with perfect safety.

To all this Emerson listened with great eagerness, and then opposed various objections as to the alleged safety of the operation. These were all explained away.

"How did you become so intimately acquainted with this matter?" he then asked.

"I have known Baldwin for many years. As a matter of fact, I long ago myself, like a fast horse, and see a good deal of pleasure. And this brought me into contact with a good deal into each other's company, and, as he was a fine, generous fellow, I liked the association of Mary; and then enough would transpire to render his position extremely questionable in their eyes.

"I will know here to get my hands on some of the cash locked up in the vaults of your bank."

"Do you?" replied he, smiling.

"I know I can," was the bright response.

"I am glad to hear it!" he asked, after a time.

"I am," I did not hesitate to answer, for I was somehow encouraged by the way he spoke. "How much do you want?" he then inquired.

"I want a thousand dollars to-morrow," was my reply.

"For my part," said Mr. Barker, remarking on the subject, "I am not a skilful printer, nor in the say a more wise and virtuous youth. Old man asked his help in their difficulties, and always shown him as couples in their disputes. He was one obstinate to the poor, a peacemaker among his neighbors, and a faithful and kindly guardian to the young brethren. Mary's mother inherited these in all the symptoms of their art, though it lengthened his own labor by many a tedious hour. Naturally he bore with the waywardness and inexperience of their youth. At length, and heard, and labor, Gottlieb was their blithe companion; in hard work, their help; in times of trouble, their counselor; and when sleeping came between them, he was the ready arbitrator, on whose justice both could safely rely. At the church they sat on one either side of him; on festival and holiday, they walked out with each an arm of Gottlieb, and the temperament's one was not more confident in his father. Thus they lived and labored cheerfully together, in the old house their father left them, for five years. The complete edition of the Latin Pictures was formed, and the boys grew in man's estate, till Gottlieb was no longer at his store after the bank closed. The young man came as desired.

"I had some conversation with Mr. Concord to-day," Emerson then intendened the subject he wished to talk about, "and I learned from him that you somewhere had a dream in the West, though it was finished in the name of their father.

One evening, Gottlieb rejoiced over it greatly, saying his promise was fulfilled, and Christopher and Hubert were now as good printers as himself; he bade them a kindly and glad good-night, and the young brothers talked long together, for Gottlieb slept alone; but in the morning he did not come as usual to call them, and when they went to wake him, their brother was kneeling at his bedside, with his hands clasped as if in prayer to the unclosed heart, and the great soul was gone!

Dinner and grief, Hubert and Christopher accompany him he led them, it seemed but a few steps from their own door, through a dark and narrow lane, in which the boys's was had never been; but there streets and houses abruptly terminated, and they stood by the side of a broad and thronged highway. A road like this was the boys had never seen in all their journeys. It ran due East and West, from the rising to the setting sun; but its to the East-ward, it said, lay the tombs of a populous house, shut out the view; and on the West, a long more than that of ancient or mid-winter closed the prospect. The years between was thronged with travellers, who emerged from the Eastern mist, and were manifestly going to the other.

A light dance on them, but it was grey and uncertain, like that of twilight. Sometimes the sun, sometimes the stars shone through, and strange and solemn and meteoric passed across the sky.

"What way is this," thought the brothers, "which has no near our own dwelling, and yet has neither night nor day?"

But as their eyes fell on the light, they perceived that the travellers on that road were of all ages and conditions, and that, as they approached it, a track cut for himself in the soil, from which it appeared none could stray. Some of these tracks were of stately and magnificent road, and numerous windings, and some were but slightly worn, as if many were rough and steep, others of the bare earth, with brambles growing thick at their edges; and some were half covered with the long grass. Some travellers were in haste, and went, however, observed that none of them rested, or paused a moment to look at the sky, and each track was plentified in them all; and that every traveller was intent upon the road before him. Interlocutors, too, differed wonderfully in their manner of journeying. Some moved like monarchs in a triumph; some walked slowly, as if in a funeral; some like runners in a game. There were those who went steadily forward, with the look of people who were bound to a distant place. All this time, the air was filled with a clamor of complaints, generally murmurs of voices like Lucifer, and Christopher and Hubert were startled by the sudden appearance of one of these who had the roughest track, or the hottest lots to carry, that travelled most industriously, and seemed most vexed with the journey.

No traveller, indeed, appeared satisfied, and the more wealthy and powerful the complainers were more loots to loathe each other; but let the smallest happen as it would, every man had all the blame heaped on his shoulders. There also innumerable disputes concerning the double of the road, which was especially found due to their feet; and more especially touching some glimpses of an acute heaven, which they caught through the branches of the trees. On that subject, the Sorrowers of their delusion was the most violent, and the silence concerning them deafening; but the brothers observed that the noisiest traveller generally came quietly out of the one visit, and disappeared with the darkness in the other.

"What shall you of these people?" said the stranger, when Christopher and Hubert had gazed and wondered long.

"I know not," said Christopher, "so give and take each towards for no end."

"They belong in all the neighborhood of the world," said the stranger.

"But why are they here?—where are they going?—and what lies beyond these mists?" asked the brothers in a breath.

"Dear brothers, who were so true and loving of old," said the stranger, "concerning this matter, I know not. But you will know hereafter; for the present, know that this wrinkle ye have seen in your father's forehead, and this sadness in his eyes, were caused by the sight of this into road. Be sure to remember these who had the roughest track, or the hottest lots to carry, that travelled most industriously, and seemed most vexed with the journey.

"Now, my friends," said Christopher, "we are going!

Original Letters.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SCANDINAVIA.

CONSUMPTION.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00	Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters must

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

MEXICO.

WAT TYLER.

SHAMEFUL.

[illegible]

I am told the article is made of gun cotton, dissolved in chloroform. It forms an artificial skin over a wound, just as good as the real one. It is a valuable remedy, and I expect the ladies' department of the *Plow* will become immensely popular for making it public.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The first number of a Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans will be issued in this city on the 1st of July next. The Gallery will include at least 120 portraits, engraved by the best artists, and will be completed in forty numbers, at twenty-five cents each. The publishers are Robert E. Peterson & Co., N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

DISCUSSING THE MORMONS.—The Senate is said to be discussing in Executive Session, the recent Mormon appointments of President Fillmore. We hope these appointments will not be confirmed—and that the President will then appoint men—not Mormons—in whose integrity and courage the country has every confidence, to see that the laws are duly observed in Utah.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—We call attention to the advertisement of this Baltimore agricultural monthly. We believe it to be an excellent publication, especially adapted to the Middle and Southern States.

New Publications.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING. By HERBERT MAYO, M. D., formerly Senior Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, and one of the Professors of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, &c., &c., &c. From the third London edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a writer of superior ability, and he has a very lively, entertaining way of treating the important subject of his work, mingling anecdotes and illustrations with useful facts, so as to be universally interesting. We extract

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Girls, as children, are healthier than boys. This fact, which, if it has not been any where remarked, is indisputable, may be accounted for in the following manner:—Girls, as young children, are nearer in mind and body what they are to be permanently, than boys. Their shape has less to alter, (the pelvis being already in early childhood proportionately larger,) their voice, complexion, delicacy of skin have hardly to be modified. It is presumable that their caste of temperament, thus early decided, not

[illegible]

PROPRIETY.

THE EXILE.

Clippings.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

THE STOCK MARKET.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the completion of

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
BY T. S. ARTHUR,

which will be about the first of July, we design commencing Mrs. Southworth's new novelet, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

AN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT

The *Rosine Association*, a society of women, was formed in Philadelphia five years since, for the reformation, employment and instruction of females who had led immoral lives. A house was rented on a lease for five years, with the condition, that upon the expiration of that period, by the payment of six thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars, the society should become the owners of the property. This agreement was made when there was not one dollar in the treasury, and to the business man the whole scheme might then have appeared as the chimera of enthusiastic brains, as the reformation of such persons had always been considered almost a hopeless work, and to open an institution without any fund to support it, except as sympathy might bestow its transient charity, seemed indeed a species of monomania. But among the projectors of this association were some who had drawn upon the bank of *faith* before, and with such acceptance that they felt they might again rely upon the same source for aid; and they believed the period had arrived when the female offender against virtue and morality should be entitled to the privilege of [illegible]

[illegible]

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

Executive Session, as the business there pending was of vast importance.

Mr. Mangum was also in favor of considering the business pending in Executive Session. Not agreed to.

Mr. Underwood introduced a bill changing the name of the steamer Brilliant, to that of *Mary Hunt*. He said the Brilliant had been so unfortunate that sailors could not be employed to go upon her.—They were therefore asked to change her name. The bill was considered and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Gwin offered a resolution, agreed to, asking whether the Secretary of the Interior has leased any of the public domain on the Island of Santa Cruz, California, and by what law or authority the same was done.

The Senate then took up the bill, giving further remedies to patentees. Mr. Underwood offered several amendments, which he said were agreed upon by the friends of the bill, all of which were adopted. The bill, as amended, provides as follows:—

Sec. 1.—That if any person or corporation shall hereafter import, or have in possession, for the purpose of traffic, use, or sale, any article imported into the United States, from any foreign territory adjoining or near thereto, knowing them to have been manufactured in whole, or in part, in any such territory by any process or machine, or by any substantial modification of any process or machine, for which there may be, at the time, a subsisting patent, owned by any citizen of the United States, such person or corporation shall, upon due proof thereof, before any court of competent jurisdiction, be deemed to have infringed said patent, and be liable for all damages, in the same manner and to the same extent as in other cases of infringement.

Sec. 2.—That whenever a patentee, or any person holding under him, shall file a bill in equity, verified by oath or affirmation in the Circuit or District Court of the United States, complaining that any person or corporation has imported, or has in his possession any articles imported or purchased in violation of the preceding section, and shall make the same appear to the satisfaction of the Judge, as probably true, the Judge shall issue an order to the Marshal, directing him to take such articles into his custody, and may further, by injunction, restrain the sale and traffic in said articles; provided, however, that writs of error and appeals shall lie, as in all other cases, from judgments and decrees in said courts.

Mr. Hunter briefly opposed the bill. Mr. Seward replied, and it was then postponed.

Mr. Atchison moved to postpone the private calendar for the day, for the purpose of going into Executive Session.

Mr. Cass opposed the motion. The treaties, he said, could not be disposed of for two weeks.

After further debate, Mr. Atchison's motion was agreed to, and the Senate went into Executive Session, and then adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 7th, the House took up the bill, heretofore reported, appropriating 10,000,000 of acres of the public lands, to be apportioned among the States for the comfortable maintenance of the insane.

After remarks in favor of the bill by Messrs. Stanly and Bissell, Mr. Cleveland held that this bill was the only one which looks like justice to the old States, and he therefore called upon gentlemen coming from them to stand up to it. Besides, it was for a meritorious and benevolent purpose.

Mr. Bissell placed its passage on higher grounds—justice to all the States, and justice and humanity to an unfortunate class of beings, who have been neglected while everybody else has been provided for. He moved the previous question.

Mr. Orr moved that the bill be laid upon the table. The motion did not prevail. Yeas 56, nays 115 and the House refused to second the demand for the previous question. Further action upon the bill was arrested by the expiration of the morning hour.

The House then took up the resolution of Mr. Harris, of Tenn., proposing an adjournment of Congress on the 2nd of August.

Mr. Richardson said he was desirous of adjourning at the earliest practicable day, and moved an amendment fixing the adjournment for the 16th of August. This was agreed to, and the resolution was adopted as amended.

Mr. James, of New York, asked leave to present the resolution recently passed at a meeting in Syracuse, requesting him to urge upon Congress the passage of a law granting to Thomas F. Meagher the right of citizenship, without the formality of the Law of Naturalization. Objection being made, he moved to suspend the rules.

Mr. Stevens, of Georgia, said Congress had no such powers, therefore it was of no use to suspend the rules for what cannot be granted.

[A voice—"How will Meagher vote for President?"]

The House refused to suspend the rules, and then proceeded to the consideration of Territorial business. Several bills relating to the Territories were passed, including one settling the boundary between Texas and the United States Territories. [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE RELIGIOUS TEST IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The question having been agitated whether Gen. Pierce was a supporter of that clause of the Constitution of New Hampshire, prohibiting Roman Catholics from holding seats in the Legislature and the office of Governor, it appears very clearly that he was not. It is a mistake, however, that the Constitution requires a two-thirds vote to amend it. It requires only a majority, and failed to receive that when the question was last voted upon in 1851—it failing with all the other amendments. The vote being 9,862 against the "test and property qualifications," to 17,122 in favor of them. The amendments for the election of Judges by the people, &c., failed nearly as signally—proving that the Democracy of New Hampshire is of a very peculiar character. Singular as it may seem to some, 15 of the strongest Whig towns voted in favor of the abolition of the "test and property qualification" by a vote of over 4 to 1; while 15 of the strongest Democratic towns voted against their abolition by over 3 to 1. The town of Concord, in which Gen. Pierce resides, gave 122 votes in favor of the amendment to 509 against it—Gen. Pierce's vote, however, doubtless was among the 122 minority.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The way parties stand in this State, may be seen by the gubernatorial of March 1852.

For Mr. Martin, Democrat,	30,807
For Mr. Sawyer, Whig,	19,870
For Mr. Atwood, Free Soil Democrat,	9,479
Scattering,	269
	60,405

MR. KING'S POSITION.—Mr. W. R. King, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, was one of the Southern opponents of the Compromise, but is now among the "acquiescent." The following is an extract from his letter, dated July 26th, 1851, which was published among the celebrated Greer and Donaldson correspondence:—"So long as a large portion of the former Democracy of the North lend themselves to the advocacy of Free Soil Doctrines, and make common cause with the unprincipled and the infamous agitators and Abolitionists, no portion of the Southern Democracy will ever be found acting in concert with them. All our troubles have arisen from the extraordinary conduct of those professing Democrats, in whom the Democracy once reposed unbounded confidence, and felt delighted to honor; but for their base abandonment of principle, Abolitionism would have still been confined to a portion of the Whig party, and a small squad of ignorant fanatics."

THE NEW YORK FREE SOIL DEMOCRATS.—A large meeting recently was held in New York to endorse the nominations of Pierce and King. The most noticeable fact of the meeting, was the appearance and speech-making of John Van Buren, H. B. Stanton, John A. Dix—all leading Barnburners. These gentlemen were enthusiastically received, and all endorsed the nomination as a good one, while John Van Buren said, according to the N. Y. Herald:—

"He (Mr. Van Buren) was prepared to stand on the platform laid down at Baltimore. (Great cheering.) New York would stand on that platform, and he would not stop to inquire under what vote, or under what influence, it was adopted; but he would say that he most unqualifiedly approved of that platform for this election (cheers), and would faithfully and cordially stand upon it. He would now speak to them in respect to the difficulty subsisting between them and him. He was prepared to stand with them on an adoption of all the laws of Congress, including even the Fugitive Slave Law. He was perfectly willing everybody should obey that law who would, and everybody sustain it who could. For the present, at all events, these laws were to stand, and be unimpaired, and he appealed to his Southern friends to adopt such a course. He asked them not to agitate the anti-slavery subject. [illegible]

FRANKING.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that the Democratic Central Committee have come to the conclusion that they will assess each Congressional district in the Union for the expenses of the election, and not office-holders or office-seekers, and that they will not tax the Government with the postage of the documents to be distributed by them; but that out of the funds thus raised they will pay the postage on every pamphlet or printed sheet that may be forwarded for circulation from Washington.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—It seems not to be generally known that Gen. Pierce was nominated for the Presidency by the New Hampshire Democratic Convention, about six months ago, but declined the honor.

DEMOCRATIC RATIFICATION MEETING AT WASHINGTON.—This meeting was addressed by Gen. Houston, Douglass, Lane, &c.—all concurring in the nomination of Pierce. A letter to Major Lally, from Gen. Pierce, dated Boston, May 27th, 1852, was read. It says:—"If the Compromise measures are not to be substantially and firmly maintained, the plain rights secured by the Constitution will be trampled in the dust. If we, of the North, who have stood by the Constitutional rights of the South, are to be abandoned to any time-serving policy, the hopes of the Democracy and the Union must sink together. As I told you, my name will not be before the Convention, but I cannot help feeling that what is there to be done, will be important, beyond men and parties, transcendently important to the hopes of Democracy, Progress, and Public Liberty."

ASPINWALL.—Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Aspinwall, Navy Bay, Isthmus of Panama, dated May 18th, 1852:—

"The steamer Northern Light, of the Nicaragua line, is now here, waiting for passengers. There is a great deal of suffering on that route. The passengers cannot get across; the river is too low, and among the eight hundred passengers which the Northern Light took out, there are a great number of women and children.

"Passengers now go from here to Panama in a day and a half; (the express goes through in eighteen hours.) They have but fifteen miles of river navigation. They get to Gorgona the same day that they arrive here. Passengers say this place looks like the United States, and that we are two centuries ahead of Panama. We have now an ice house, well supplied with ice. The use of ice with water is as common as with you. What a change since my first landing on Manzanilla island, (about two years ago!) The laborers then wrapped up their faces in their pocket handkerchiefs, to keep off the sand flies, and drank swamp water, for the want of better. The same poor devils—New Grenadian peons—now drink ice water, pure river water from Gatun, flavored with Yankee ice. *Vamos adelante!*"

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Mr. Froberhuyser, a musician of Albany, has invented a new musical instrument, the materials used for the construction being sea shells. The exterior of the shell is not disturbed, and retains all its rough attractions. The mouth-piece is fitted to a screw tube adjusted at the head of the shell. Along the sides the key holes are arranged at proper intervals, and the edges carefully lined. A valve, lined with velvet, hinged at one corner, covers the mouth of the shell, and is compressed or opened as the character of the music requires. At the opposite and extreme corner of the mouth, the vent is left for the egress of the surplus air. The instrument, therefore, with the valves and keys closed, is air tight, and the variations in the size and natural organization of the shell, furnishes the change in the tone of the instrument. The music is said to be powerful and agreeable.

THE NEW COTTON LAW IN ALABAMA.—The Mobile papers have just made the discovery of a very curious law, enacted by the last Legislature of Alabama, on the subject of selling cotton. [illegible]

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

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BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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THE GIPSEY'S DAUGHTER.
BY MRS. GREY.

T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, publishes this day, from the advanced sheets purchased in Europe,

THE GIPSEY'S DAUGHTER,
By MRS. GREY, [illegible]

THE AMERICAN FARMER.
THE 8TH VOLUME OF THE NEW series of this popular Journal in the cause of Agriculture, commences with the No. for July, 1852, in which will be presented
TWO PRIZE ESSAYS, Viz.:
1. On the comparative Advantages of Drill Husbandry over the Old System.
And 2. On the comparative Value of different Manures.
To these Essays were awarded the Prizes of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, at its late meeting,—the first to Edward Stabler of Montgomery co., Md., a gentleman distinguished for his previous writings on Agriculture, [illegible]

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,

[illegible]

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

[illegible]

SICK AND AFFLICTED READ.
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SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

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J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

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WM. D. ROGERS

Selected Poetry.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

In bodice worn the prettiest mode of Worth and Maudelaine,
Which showed her shoulders to advantage, as a woman, you remember, delights to show them, but opposed a number of the other sex, I ween,
Was Miss Fanny Lee.

Tone—piano opposite; yet my dream
Had been of Fanny, when I saw her
Join I know not what quadrille,
Or quartil, else quintil, I deem;
Or perhaps it was the waltz (my memory
Is not what it was since I met Miss Lee).
Were in my flutterpower and fly;
In short, with her I was "in love" indeed,
I did in love with Lizzie Lily;

Loves are at a constancy fatal
Those who intend at Date and Sale,
Grave signal count in that old hall,
Of hearts the number and dates the scale,
I thought true Tenors loved but one,
I wondered whether she'd let me squeeze;

She talk'd of politics or poetry,
Of Bentley's organ, or Wordsworth's sonnet,
Of Aggleton or of Jenny Lind,
Art better, or the last new bonnet;
My sentiments were all confined
To me it matter'd not a straw,
Since bright her hair and bright her eyes,
I might have thought they summoned Lake.

Then sunny Hop, through sultry June,
I loved to ramble in lone coverts,
I quite her jealous to the sister,
I wrote them lays by the Needs' Journal
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That sentiment makes nothing
My father fretted'd; but how should poor
Find any happiness in hunting?

She was the daughter of a Host,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one fault—extravagance,
Whose color was extremely hectic:
Her grandfather, for many a year,
Had been a Butcher in the county,
Her second cousin was a peer,
And kindred of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And banks, and banks' directors and
Oh! what are they to lover's sensations?
Before that proud, disdainful look
Vanish vanish, each lessen, Cupid chooses;
I swear as like as two Rothschilds
As Baron Rothschild for the noses.

She cherish'd: the vain, the weed, the beach,
Upon whose bar gentility is wreck'd,
She fascinated; I envied each
Thing I touch'd, and touching failing;
She worried Handel; it was grand—
Her mode the Gothic, I the Roman;
She treated the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours and adore the baluster.

She kept an album, see, at home,
Well did'd with all an album's glories;
Figments of romantic and Rome,
Pictures for dreaming, Poesie mottoes;
Half-elegy to Hebrew tune,
Verses solos to dances and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Lubeck,
And stamps of all countries.

And she was farmer'd, worship'd, bored,
Her stage opera'd, till from was nursed,
Her purse and she were adored.
Her sayings were extremely quoted,
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the tears were sheddin'd,
Her forest'd, and every heart was mad,
As if the opera were dancin'd.

She mein'd on many (as for fine—
I know not how nothing to it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which now diverge it sainted:
She wrote a thrumming hand, and oh!
How sweet a hand notes were folded!

Our love was like most sister-love—
A little grave, a little sisterly;
A little pressure when we met,
And "Fy for Ten," upon the cruel;
Some lessons of thine broken-hearted,
A mistress, and a friend,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by;
We met last summer quite accidental;
Our parting was all soft and rapid—
Our meeting was a world too brighter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other inkpost,
And Lily was a married belle,
But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

Choice Extracts.

CONSUMPTION:
ITS CURE BY SEA AIR AND VOYAGES.

FROM DR. HALL'S DISCOVERIES AND SUNDRY ESSAYS.

SEA-SICKNESS.—There is a general impression that there is something refreshing and healthgiving in the pure air of the sea-shore. It does give, when unconnected with the "land-cough" or from the shores, a healthful vigor to those who are already well and strong, but it unfortunately aggravates consumptive symptoms, and hastens death. There can scarcely be selected a more dangerous location for persons threatened with consumption, or having it already, than one on the sea-coast, or the shores of a lake, or on the borders of a prairie. A person threatened with consumption may live a little while in a cool situation, and throat affections are uniformly aggravated thereby. The reason for this is, not that the air is not pure, but because it is for a great part of the year too damp and raw. and the cold which blows more or less every day of the year, carries the vital heat from the body with too great rapidity, and leaves the person chilly: on the same principle precisely, that when it is desired to cool anything we open it. The warmth and vigor of persons who have consumption, or are falling into it, is, that they are chilly; it is hard to keep them warm, they hover around the fire, or beneath the clothing of others, and are clear-headed; and to go where constant breezes are passing over the body, and carry away the vestment of the heat that remains, cannot but be fatal in its results. Several cases have recently come to my notice of persons who, for pleasure, went to our fashionable sea-shore summer resorts, in reasonable health, came away with a fatal disease which they never got rid of, and in some away worse than when they went. I am reminding my readers to affections of the throat and lungs; therefore

The further consumptive persons can get from the lake or sea-shore, the better for their health.

The statistics of the U. S. Army show that while slower soldiers out of a thousand die of consumption on the Atlantic coast, and less *only two* die at the forts stationed away from the sea-coast, at the forts on the Lakes and a theory in relation to make a truth, and on such a truth can our practice, our habits of life, safely rest:

SEA-VOYAGES, in a vast number of cases, longer consumptive sufferers on the grave, than less many who go to sea regain their health, who to some requests appeared to have consumption, and it will be a rare exception, if the reader can bring to his remembrance a single instance of a person who, in the material *lasting* benefit from a passenger sea-voyage, who had the following general symptoms of severe consumption of the throat—viz: a distressing hacking cough, with a decrease of flesh and strength and vitality of the gases, and a morbid continuance. If the reader can on the number call to an instance, he will pressede the cases of truth as known by common observation. Hence, who are forecasts from a consumption, and in the sense Robert Hunter, of England, are said to have that strongly marked form of the chest hence and loss which appears on the sides of the breast bone, which he did in his actual face, when his house were distracted at Dunfermline, Scotland.

The prevalent tailness of the inhabitants of Pictavia, many of whom are descended from the Spanish goods of Fredericks I. the Spanish features observable in the people of the Island of Gibraltar, church, many geographer, several Spanish settlements were made; and the hereditary beauty of the women of Spain—are well-known facts which have frequently attended the attention of chronologists. The progress of Kenny, (the most interesting person now living,) particularly, exhibit at the present day precisely the same type of face and form as their ancestors, whom many hill ago were carved in relief on the ancient sarcophagi, and the Jewish physiognomies portrayed upon the sepulchral monuments of Egypt are identical with those which may be observed among modern Jews in the streets of any of our great cities.—*English paper.*

"Golfe, is that the second bell?" "No, Mame, that's the second ringing of de first bell. We hadn't no second bell in dis age hotel."

Wit and Humor.

A STORY ABOUT DOGS.

Of all the fishy breeds, I say you—
"What's that, Charley?"
"Why, I said there's many fishy breeds of that at a place I took tea with once the Hookers."
"Lord bless Al. Come, story or death!"
"Well, I'll tell you.
"Because, you see, when a man dwells up among the Hookers, he's
"Come, Charley, no nonsense. The story!"
"Well, if you will have it, your else be on your own head.
"I was going up with an escort of dragoons from Vera Cruz to Jalapa. Among the party was a young officer, a friend of mine, who had a dog of which he had a wonderful fondness; he was absolutely only for an extraordinary fondness for the animal, and he would not part with him for the world. The dog, for his master's sake, was treated with the greatest attention by all the officers of the regiment, and became a favorite with the whole corps.
"At length our journey approached its end. The last night we spent on the road, was at a muleteer's habitation. 'Eggs,' said the diligent landlord, 'eggs and bacon, and excellent chickens, questions of his favorite constitution. He had one chicken roasted for his own supper, and placed the other dozen in a bit of soup by his blanket bed, reserving them for his breakfast. Soon every man of us, except the muleteer, was asleep, and the whole house was quiet. Suddenly I was awakened by a loud barking of dogs, and during the night was frequently disturbed by strange sounds, seeming from his neighborhood. Suddenly I felt my self pinched, and a heavy weight lying on my breast. Day was breaking; it was enough to see that the muleteer's pigs had entered the house, and were devouring the chickens. Some of them were already finished, and others were in the act of completing their meal. I was about to call out, when I perceived that my friend's dog was before me, and was attacking the pigs with the greatest fury. The noise of the battle awakened the whole party, and the muleteer, who was the owner of the pigs, was soon upon the field of battle. He was armed with a long knife, and was about to attack the dog, when the officer, who was also armed, presented a pistol at his head, and compelled him to retire. The dog, however, was not to be conquered by mere intimidation. He attacked the pigs with the greatest fury, and in a few minutes had killed them all. The muleteer, who was now completely overwhelmed with rage,